

BRONX BOY, ONCE WORLD'S SERIES HERO, TROUNCED BY GIANTS

Edgren Sees It



Bobby Barrett Developing Fast as Contender for Lightweight Title.

ONE of the most sensational lightweights coming up to challenge Benny Leonard is Bobby Barrett, the Pennsylvania youngster who knocked out Hynde Gold recently in three rounds. In his home town they call him "One Punch Bobbie." James Dougherty, who never misses seeing a championship bout, makes some strong claims for Barrett.

"Here is a real fighter," says Dougherty. "The type of old Bob Fitzsimmons. The best lightweight in the world, in my opinion, is Lew Tendler of Philadelphia—and Barrett did more to Gold than Tendler could. I think this entitles him to a fight with Leonard."

"He will fight Leonard at 135 at 1 o'clock for the lightweight championship of the world, and Leonard can make his own terms."

"I am as sure Barrett can stop him as I am sure Dempsey would stop Jess Willard. Barrett is the hardest hitting lightweight that ever entered a ring. Outside of Dempsey there isn't a heavyweight who hits as hard as this little fellow. That's what Jack Kearns admitted after seeing Barrett knock out his lightweight."

"Barrett doesn't show much class as a boxer, but knock him down a couple of times or sting him with a hard punch and it starts him fighting at his best. He doesn't win on points, and there may be lots of lightweights who could outpoint him if they could stay with him. He knocks them out to win, and when he finds his opening he only needs one sock."

Barrett was born in England and came to America at two years of age. His father taught him boxing as soon as he could lift his hands, and took him to see many fights when he was a small boy. His grandfather was a sparring partner for English Champion Tom Sayers when Sayers fought John C. Heenan, the Benicia boy, for the world's heavyweight championship in England, 1860.

A RECORD OF KNOCKOUTS.

As an amateur Barrett didn't show any punch. In his first professional bout, against a fellow known as "Russian Bear," he was given a bad beating. Coming up groggy from the fourth knockdown he stopped trying to spar and swung his punch, winning with a clean, one-punch knockout. Barrett has been "kipping 'em over" regularly ever since. He is twenty-one years old, married, has red hair, freckles and knockknees like those of old Bob Fitzsimmons.

In 1921 he had thirteen fights and won twelve of them with knockouts in twenty-four "kipping 'em over" twenty-four, in fact, for he won four in the first round, four in the second, four in the third. None went over three. Last year he won seven out of nine with knockouts.

Great fighter though Benny Leonard is, some youngsters will come along and put over a championship punch one of these days. All champions go that way if they stay in the game. There's a bit of luck in it, perhaps. A champion may be just a little better than the best of his rivals and sometimes he will relax his caution for an instant, or the other fellow will drive home an exceptionally good punch. Then there's a new title holder and the world thinks the new champ must be one of the greatest fighters known in his class. Benny probably has the chance of each rival carefully figured out. Otherwise why should he dodge Tendler—an inferior boxer, but always dangerous? Possibly Barrett could get on with Tendler. If he beat Leonard's most annoying challenger, the champion could hardly avoid meeting him. Or Barrett might scrap it out with Johnny Dundee, who is willing to give any of them a chance any time there's a good purse offered.

With the news that Jack Dempsey was sailing for Europe Georges Carpentier miraculously recovered his health.

Georges has invited the champ to visit him at his country home in France and shoot a golf match. Can't afford to be sick with anything as important as that coming off.

NORMAN ROSS wanted to establish a complete set of world's swimming records that would last. Ross was a phenomenally big man, a whale among swimmers. Now along comes an eighteen-year-old boy, John Welsmiller of the Illinois A. C., cracking records nearly every time he competes and making all the older champions look as slow as a school of catfish compared to a rainbow trout.

Tommy Milton is making a great start to win the American automobile racing championship again this year. He has been winning big events on the Coast this spring, breaking world's records for twenty-five and fifty miles and looks a likely winner of the Indianapolis race on May 30. Copyright, 1922, by Robert Edgren.

AS IT SEEMS SOMETIMES

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Dick Rudolph of Braves Crossed in Comeback Role By Hard-Hitting Giants

Baldheaded Pitcher Does Well for a Time, but Is Rudely Treated at Finish.

By Bozeman Bulger.

DICK RUDOLPH is getting old—not one whit different from the rest of us. He's balder, if anything. Score, New York 5, Boston 2. It would be nice, clubby, a snappy morsel—the story of the old pitcher with bent back and creaky hinges who shuffled into the box and stood the Smart Alecks on their ears. Fellows getting gray would smack their lips over that for a week. But the dickens of it is old Dick crossed us. He didn't do any such thing. After the sixth inning the upstarts even had him ducking.

The heralded second debut was a bust. Dick'll be a full week getting the cricks out of his back—and he'll call it lumbering. Thirty thousand of that big crowd, disapproving of age, egged the Giants on, yelling and howling. There were two thousand, though, downright disappointed. They are those now old enough to get home late for dinner and not be missed—you and I. We can remember when Dick Rudolph and Hank Gowdy won a world's series single—or double—handed—and went into vaudeville over it.

This comeback of an old master had been pegged by baseball addicts as an important matter. Due to reports from the South, it smacked of romance, of sentiment. The young Giants, though, smacked of it with the old ash.

Rudolph, Bronx hero of the past, was able to pitch just one game last season, but spring rumor had it that he had located the rusty hinge, had oiled it up and was himself again. Against other major league clubs, in practice, he was a mannequin. He was primed, cocked and saved up to hurl against the Champs—no less—as a starter. We all got set.

For six innings it looked as if the old wizard really was going to attend to this hitting matter that's been going on up at the Polo Grounds of late. With all of his ancient art, coolness and cunning he wormed that spitter and its companion—the bluff spitter—around our young gens like a winding sheet. Not a run and but four hits made during that period. All over the stand fussy old boys of forty were chuckling. Then—

Dick became more at ease and carefree. Forgetting himself, he slipped George Kelley a fast ball. Bang! It was shot right back at him for a single.

Having read the papers, the Old Master was then a little wary of our new Mr. Shimmers. Fearing to give a good ball, he worked the corners too close and Shimmers walked. McGraw thereupon crossed Dick by shaking his head when Earl Smith started to punt.

"Bust it on the nose!" he signalled, and that's what Earl did.

From then on everybody started singling. It became epidemic. When it was over the Giants had three runs, which were enough.

In the eighth, though, Dick got careless again, with a man on base, and gave Kelley a nice fat one on the inside of the plate. You know what that means. In a flash the old pill was bouncing around in a crowd of whooping and hooting fans in the stands. It was a whale of a home run—what the more cultured fellows call a homer—swat. In the meantime old Hank Gowdy was back there catching and quarrelling and peeping things up in his same old style. Hank upheld the honor of the ancient pair by matting the ole apple as well as whipping it.

around the bases, but he wasn't enough. That's about all that happened over Sunday, except that Artie Nehf just left-handed the Boston boys to death. To-day they're going to try it again, with Phil Douglass a-shuffling around for the Giants.

While the new Braves are just as quarrelsome and argumentative as the old ones, they don't seem quite so much of a ball club as we had been led to believe. They don't hit with assurance and they don't seem to be working like a well trained pack. Maybe they'll get going to-day.

On one occasion when Horace Ford, the Bostonian second baseman, thought he had made a double play, he was much surprised and then flabbergasted to learn that Umpire Pfrman didn't think that way at all. That started a terrible hullabaloo and the Braves began to look like themselves. They ran up and down the line uttering curt remarks and things not intended for an Easter crowd. They expressed much concern over Mr. Pfrman's eyesight—expressed it with emotion, too. But nothing came of it. Mr. Pfrman, though new to our league, knew that umpires never change their decisions. By the way, that Mr. Pfrman looks pretty good. John Heydler is a good picker.

If the Giants keep up this pickling of the ole onion, as Ping Bodie would say, they are going to have eight members of the regular line-up hitting close to .350. Even the pitchers are hitting around .300.

In the four games already played the Champs have made enough hits to last some clubs half a month. They've averaged better than ten to the game.

If Dick Rudolph should think of that he won't feel so badly.

27 Five-Women Teams to Compete In Bowling Association Tourney

Big Championship Event for Fair Sex Opens To-Day on Thum's Alleys.

The Greater New York Women's Bowling Association, of which most of the prominent women bowlers of the city are members, will open their third annual tournament this afternoon at Thum's White Elephant Bowling Academy. Invitations have been extended to officers and members of the United Bowling Clubs, the New York Bowling Association, Col. Fred Brooks, Nils Carlson, of the United Bowling Clubs of Stockholm, and other distinguished bowling fans. All told, there are 27 teams of five entered in the tournament, with a corresponding number of doubles and singles. This large entry list goes a long way in proving the popularity of bowling among "the fair ones."

The opening play is set for 3 P. M., when the Tip Top and Reliance teams will start the ball rolling in the race for the championship. The Tip Top team will line up as follows: Mrs. F. Heitman, Mrs. D. Theobald, Mrs. V. Joh, Mrs. D. Kahrs, and Mrs. A. Stelljes. On the Reliance team will be such well known bowlers as Mrs. Hartman, Mrs. H. Lieber, Mrs. J. Oehlerking, Mrs. K. Millhauser, and Mrs. A. Angeloch.

At 8 P. M. the Aquahonga and Municipal Fives will take the drive.

On the Aquahonga team will be Mrs. J. Hodge, one of the best bowlers of her sex in Greater New York; Mrs. J. Bedell; Mrs. H. Schulz; Miss C. Sleight; and Miss S. Van Dusen. The Municipal five will be made up of Mrs. Anna Rumpier, an expert tenpin artist from New Jersey, Mrs. J. Rosenberger, Mrs. A. Sayers, Mrs. E. Laub, and Mrs. D. Wendt. The teams scheduled to meet to-day are evenly matched, and for this reason, should furnish a keen contest.

In the evening at 9 o'clock the double event will begin. Five teams are scheduled as follows: Mrs. Heitman and Mrs. Stelljes; Mrs. Joh and Mrs. Theobald; Mrs. Hodge and Mrs. Bedell; Miss Sleight and Miss Van Dusen; and Mrs. Hartman and Mrs. Millhauser.

LIVE WIRES

By Neal R. O'Hara.

Among the guys that Jack Dempsey would like to meet in Europe is George Bernard Shaw.

"Baker's Legs Go Back on Him; May Play Outfield."—Headline. Looks like baseball is no different from the show business. When your legs go bad, they put you back in the second row.

In this turmoil of partisan politics, it is heartening to see the St. Louis papers so unbiased that they only pick both St. Louis teams to win the pennants this year.

The second division is the Rainbow Division. And it looks like the A's or the White Sox for the end of the rainbow.

As soon as Congress has time, the Anti-Saloon League will have it dilute 18.2 billiards to 1.82.

Babe Ruth will return to baseball on the opening day of the straw hat season. Statisticians are now figuring how few straw hats will be thrown in the air if Babe makes a homer that day.

Once upon a time, when he was going good, Alexander sighed for many world's champions to conquer.

The 1922 Reds won't look the same without Eddie Roush or with him.

There are a number of fans, because of his early start, who believe that George Kelly of the Giants, National League home run champion and Ruth's closest rival last season, will bang out more four-base hits this season than Babe, who won't get into harness till May 30. Kelly made one off Dick Rudolph yesterday.

Judge Landis delivered the funeral oration at the services held over the body of the famous "Cap" Anson in Chicago yesterday. He eulogized him as a man who "played the game square during the entire three score and ten years of his life." Thousands here—young and old, rich and poor, famous and obscure—all paid homage to him. The burial will be held to-day and will be private.

The Skooters didn't get a hit or run at Harrison Field yesterday in the opening game with Newark. Deano Bernhardt twirled the first five innings and only fifteen men faced him. Luis Barnes didn't allow a hit or run during the rest of the pastime. Fred was the only man to get on base, receiving a pass in the sixth. Nine hits and three runs were made by the winners.

Babe Ruth was allowed to play in the exhibition game at Baltimore and he covered first for the Yanks. Eighteen thousand fans attended.

The Cards are the only club in the National League with a clean slate. They defeated the Cubs, their fourth victory of the season, although it wasn't until the eighth inning that they scored the two runs that gave them a 5 to 2 win.

The Indians remain at the top of the American League, having won four games and lost none.

The largest April crowd in the history of Cleveland baseball saw the Indians break their tie with the Browns for the lead, winning three to nothing, thanks to Mall's great twirling. Urban Shocker, former Yank, pitched for the St. Louis boys.

Bryan Harris's twirling and six errors enabled the Athletics to win their first game of the season in Washington.

The White Sox won their first game of the season at the expense of the Tigers, it taking ten innings—fled Faber turning the trick.

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Miller Huggins Thinks Browns and Indians' Teams Yankees Will Have to Beat

Champions, Who Open in Boston To-Day, Soon to Land New Outfielder.

By Robert Boyd.

BOSTON, April 17. THE Yankees arrived here this morning from Baltimore where they engaged in an exhibition game with Jack Dunn's International League Champions. The team is here for a series of four games with Harry Frazee's Red Sox and then they will return to the Polo Grounds to open the 1922 season at home Thursday.

Miller Huggins, like the well known title to the picture "I Wonder What He Is Thinking About," is a hard fellow to understand. He is carefully watching the St. Louis Browns and the other players of the two clubs are the ones he thinks he will have to beat to repeat his triumph of last year.

Cleveland has been hitting the ball hard in all the games they have played. Bagby pitched his first game of the 1922 season and his work bore evidence that he has returned to the form that once made him the leading twirler in the younger circuit. This is not welcome news to "Hug." Then the work of Danforth in the second game played by the St. Louis Browns revealed the another pitcher of the Shocker, Faber type has loomed up on the horizon.

All this helps to put a few more wrinkles in the sun-burned countenance of the mite manager. Huggins may do less talking than other big league managers, but no one will ever accuse him of not being a deep thinker. Any day now Huggins is likely to announce the acquisition of a new outfielder. He says he realizes the importance of reinforcing his outer defense before the season goes any further. It is safe to venture that the ascertaining of the rival managers in the American League have strengthened their teams since last year and how his own team has deteriorated since giving the pennant last fall, is giving him a lot to think about.

Huggins smiled after watching Waite Hoyt trounce the Senators in the last game of their series Saturday.

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MITCHELL LIKELY TO TWIRL FOR ROBINS TO-DAY

After Trimming Them at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn Follows Quakers Back Home.

By Joseph Gordon.

The Brooklyn Robins found the Phillies so genial and accommodating in the game that ushered in the season at Ebbets Field that they could not resist the temptation of following them to Philadelphia with a view of further cultivating their good will and making a bid for closer friendship. Mr. Wilbert Robinson and his crew departed for the Quaker City early to-day and this afternoon they will play the first of a three-game series there. Clarence Mitchell, the left-hander, who has been the new pleasure of getting himself out of them unmolested. In the first inning, with the bases full and only one out, he struck Leslie out and forced Fletcher to roll a weak grounder to him, enabling him to make the put-out unassisted.

This was the only time the Robins were in any real danger of a damaging attack by the Phillies, and from then on it was smooth sailing for the locals. There was no scoring on either side until the Robins' half of the fifth. It was then that the troubles of Smith, who was pitching for the victors, started. The Phillies made a feeble counter attack in the next inning, but were unable to score more than one run, which the Robins offset in their next turn at bat by scoring twice. A homer by Hi Myers in the sixth and one by Wheat in the seventh, when the ball landed over the right field wall, helped matters along.

Though yesterday was, technically, the opening of the season at Ebbets Field, the formal opening will not take place until next Thursday, when the Robins start a four-day series with the Giants.

Andy High, a recent acquisition from the Memphis Club of the Southern League, covers the short field in second and third like a dyed-in-the-wool veteran. No slugs frighten him and there with the stick. A double and two singles out of five times up was his contribution to the Robins' cause.

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HOW THEY STAND

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

St. Louis 4 0 1000 Brooklyn 2 3 400
N. York 4 1 800 Cincinnati 3 250
Philadelphia 3 2 600 Pittsburgh 1 3 250
Chicago 2 2 500 Boston 1 4 200

GAMES YESTERDAY.
New York, 5; Boston